

Moxy Früvous "Organ Grinder (Another Interpretation)"

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There's a guy down at Queen and Bay,
(Hey, organ grinder)
I can almost see him there every day.
(Hey, organ grinder)
There's not so much he can say,
(Hey, organ grinder)
There's not so much he can play.
(Hey, organ grinder)
No motorcar, no home, no wife,
But that don't mean he don't have a life.
(Heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy, organ grinder!)

Grinds his way into young girl's heart's,
(Hey, organ grinder)
Grinds up a batch of mincemeat tarts.
(Hey, organ grinder)
He's very wise, he's very old,
(Hey, organ grinder)
He does his thing when it's very cold.
(Hey, organ grinder)
He hears them shout again and again -
"Get that monkey on a big big chain!"
(Heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy, organ grinder!)

Organ grinder sent to jail,
(Hey, organ grinder)
Got bags and bags of mail.
(Hey, organ grinder)
People from the world outside,
(Hey, organ grinder)
Miss him and rhesus by his side.
(Hey, organ grinder)
No music on the streets today-
Incarcerated, not okay!
(Heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy, organ grinder)

Country music has it's charm,
(Hey, organ grinder)
Pretty eyes them fire alarms.
(Hey, organ grinder)
When organ grinder had a smoke,
(Hey, organ grinder)

Little rhesus fast awoke.
(Hey, organ grinder)
Burnt the whole place to the ground,
Along with that new country sound.
(Heyyyyyyyyyyyyy, organ grinder!)

Organ grinder at the door,
(Hey, organ grinder)
Won't say what he's looking for.
(Hey, organ grinder)
Sent his monkey 'round the back,
(Hey, organ grinder)
Gave my wife a heart attack.
(Hey, organ grinder)
Took her away, left me behind -
It's not my organs he wants to grind.
(Hey, hey, hey, heyyyyyyyyyyyyy, organ grinder!)

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